**I am captain of this ship**

I am captain of this ship –

capable and in control….

Aware of the conditions at sea,

mindful of the state of my boat.

Fully present - I glide effortlessly towards the sunset.

Diligently tending to the needs of my vessel,

alert and conscious to the changes in weather -

adjusting my sails, until the breeze is held firmly by the shroud.

Awake and Alive,

sailing smoothly through the sweeping waters,

enthralled by the beauty of each moment -

utterly at peace.

Accepting the ever-changing direction of the wind,

I must adjust my riggings, and continually trim the sails.

As the seas become rough, and dark skies gather overhead,

gracefully, I slice through the menacing waves

crashing on my bow,

threatening to steer me off course.

I am captain of this ship,

capable and in control

and I know what I must do.

Confident my practice will guide me;

releasing the lines, I “let go” of my sails,

allowing the heavy winds to spill off of the bright white cloth.

Choosing to find a safe harbor

where I can drop my anchor

and breath.

Resting in the stillness,

patient and calm - waiting

for the veil of darkness to lift,

and the skies to clear.

Comfortable with the unknown,

awake to the unpredictable nature of my life.

Challenged … energized even,

and appreciating the thrill of the ride.

I am captain of this ship,

capable and in control.

Navigating my ship with intention and skill,

Welcoming it all – prepared to meet whatever may arise,

my trustworthy vessel centered, stable, and strong….

I adjust my sails - over and over again

as I sail towards the melting sun.

Awake and Alive and stunningly content …

*By Wendy Weckstein*

**The Journey**

One day you finally knew

what you had to do, and began,

though the voices around you

kept shouting their bad advice –

though the whole house began to tremble

and you felt the old tug at your ankles.

“Mend my life!” each voice cried.

But you didn’t stop.

You knew what you had to do,

though the wind pried with its stiff fingers

at the very foundations -

though their melancholy was terrible.

It was already late enough, and a wild night,

and the road full of fallen branches and stones.

But little by little

as you left their voices behind,

the stars began to burn

through the sheets of clouds,

and there was a new voice

which you slowly recognized as your own,

that kept you company as you strode deeper and deeper into the world,

determined to do

the only thing you could do –

determined to save the only life you could save.

*by Mary Oliver*

“The Chinese use two brush strokes to write the word 'crisis.' One brush stroke stands for danger; the other for opportunity. In a crisis, be aware of the danger--but recognize the opportunity.”
***John F. Kennedy –***

Everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of human freedoms - to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way.

***Victor Frankl -***

